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RHYME AND REASON.

PRINTED BY T. PLUMMER, SEETHING-LANE.

RHYME AND REASON;

Short and Original Poems.

Incolumi Gravitate jocum tentavit.

HORAT. Art Poet.

IMITATED.

He hopes that his *familiar* style,
May (with decorum) raise a smile.

LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

LEST the *ungentle* Reader should think the Author of the following Poems too arrogant in assuming a Claim to 'Reason' in his Rhymes, it may be necessary to state the Writer's own Ideas on the Subject:—By annexing the term Reason, he presumes to say, that he has *endeavoured* to put some meaning into his Verses; whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, is a

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Question to be decided by the candid Critic alone. The Writer is not without hope that his *gentle* Readers who are conversant with modern *Poetry* (as it is termed most courteously) will thank him for his attempt to combine Rhyme and Reason, on the Score of Novelty. The Author declares openly to *Critics* of all Descriptions, that he is not so *courteous* to himself as to think that his Poems have the smallest Claim to the Title of POETRY. With respect to the Familiarity of his style, the Author deems no Apology necessary, as

slip shod Muses, and other Ladies *en dishabille*, or, in plain English, half dressed, are at present the Fashion or Rage.

THE INTRODUCTION.

'TIS true, no doubt, in antient times
No temple to the god of rhymes
Was built, or thought of, and the bard,
When he perceiv'd his task was hard,
Pray'd, in a voice so sad and hollow,
For the assistance of Apollo,
As he could shine as well as write,
And on his subject throw some light;
But now a-days, since jingling rhyme
Supplies the pathos and sublime,
We pen an epic, or a rebus,
Without one single prayer to Phœbus;
For modern poetry is wrought
Quite independently of thought,

And most commodiously it made is
To suit those beaus who read to ladies;
And also suits as well we know
The lady-writer, and the beau.
But should these rhymes appear, forsooth,
By reason clogg'd, and seem uncouth,
I promise, in my second tome,
To place my readers more at home,
And scorning what is out of season,
Rhyme for the future without reason,
And be, to suit the reigning folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!

TO MY MUSE.

O GENTLE Muse, whom every bard
  Is forc'd by custom to invoke,
And to solicit your regard,
  Whether in earnest or in joke,
Visit me now—but let no cloud,
  Mysterious, hover o'er your brow,
No pomp of words your meaning shrowd,
  But gently smile as I do now :

Come not alarm'd, as just escap'd
  From German spectre-seeing praters
But laughing at the stories ap'd
  By bungling English imitators :

Nor come inspir'd by gin or brandy,
Like him, who penn'd the crazy tales,
Who with his brother, Tristram Shandy,
Measur'd his wit in Fontaine's scales:

Approach not with that soft grimace
Of little misses and young masters,
Who coo'd so long sans wit or grace,
As Della-Crusa poetasters:
Nor like that mock pindaric scribe,
Who by himself is nick-nam'd Peter,
The most audacious of this tribe,
The punch and mountebank of metre:

Nor yet, O Muse, the cypress wear,
Like some sad sonnetteering elf,
With many a sigh and many a tear,
And so much feeling—for yourself:
Be yours to raise the harmless smile,
And leave to laureats the sublime;
To hint to other bards the while,
That reason is the soul of rhyme

TO THE PROFESSIONAL CRITIC.

Grave sirs, I hope you will endure
My patient labour at a rhyme;
My aim is not to be obscure,
My caution, not to be sublime.

I know full oft before your eyes
Come lines too knotty to unravel;
How often did I sympathize
With all your sorrows and your travail,

Seeking for meanings sans success,
Fishing in sullen discontent,
Now quite despairing e'en to guess
At what the writer should have meant.

I shall not (or myself I flatter)
  Your judgments for a moment rack;
Upon the face so plain my matter,
  You'll give a verdict in a crack.

ON BEING DESIRED TO WRITE POETRY.

Were matchless Shakespeare seldom read,
Were Milton's page but little known,
What might have come into my head
I cannot really say, I own.

I might have aim'd to be a poet,
And like some other bards, perhaps,
Hoping my readers would not know it,
Have liv'd on choice Shakesperian scraps.

A verse Miltonic might have wrought,
Well squar'd with learning's line and rule,
Proud by the critics to be thought
A boy in the Miltonic school.

To thefts of every kind a foe,
I hate these imitative strains,
For learned poems serve to show
At once our poverty and pains.

ON

ON BEING URGED TO WRITE SATIRE.

Let satire's javelins be hurl'd
By men ambitious to be sage,
Who are in haste to quit the world
In quest of some lone hermitage.

The coxcomb and the gay coquet
In me no acrid bile excite;
I feel quite unprovok'd, as yet,
By follies, which such crowds invite.

Rascals of all kinds to bespatter
Is much above a rhyming fit;
Such fellows care no more for satire
Than blockheads relish sterling wit.

As a man cannot chuse his neighbour
'Tis best to take the peaceful side,
And 'tis much worse than losing labour
To have one's labour misapply'd.

The best of satires are the laws
Abounding in most wholesome samples,
Which will support fair virtue's cause
By making bad men *good examples.*

The judge is the best satirist,
(More potent he than all the nine,)
Who looking at the sheriff's list,
'Twixt vice and virture *draws a line.*

TO THE SHADE OF COWPER.

MIDAS, so poets sung of old,
Could turn each thing he touch'd to gold;
Full oft he try'd this art bewitching
On the utensils of his kitchen,
And every earthen vessel shone
As bright and yellow as the sun:
So Cowper's magi-chimic line,
Whate'er the subject, makes it shine,
And oft confers celestial birth
Upon the vilest things on earth.
On yonder sofa see his place,
With all the poet in his face;
What dignity he still can keep,
Where other bards would fall asleep.
Hark to his grand yet simple lays,
Such as a Milton's self would praise:

Let others yet beware the while,
Who dare to imitate his style,
And void of all poetic gleams
Write vulgarly on vulgar themes,
Avoid the *task* which *Cowper* knew
He could with ease and honour do,
But what to many a modern bard,
Must prove most perilous and hard.

TO HAPPINESS.

Alas, with what a wild-goose chace,
Ideal Queen! do men pursue,
Thus seeking you in every place,
Alas! and never finding you.
Some seek you, mid the clamours rude
Of lucre vile and mad ambition,
Soon wearied of their sad condition,
Search you in deepest solitude—
Where left unheeded and unknown,
In doleful sonnets pine and groan.

Others, in beauty's venal charms
Seek thee, and some applaud the lot
Of him, who, from the dire alarms
Attendant upon pomp and pride,
In a cold, dull, and clay-built cot,
Will ever and for ay abide:
Whilst some, more sober, hope to find
You seated only in the mind.

A butcher, once, with too much zeal
To cut his mutton, beef, or veal,
Hurrying, he could not, for his life,
Find that grand utensil—his knife:
Now with slow pace, now with a hop,
Searching each corner, north and south,
And every cranny in his shop,
He found the necessary gear,
O gentle reader—guess you where—
In his own mouth!

THE USE OF FABLES,

ADDRESSED TO SOME MODERN PEDANTS.

'Tis well contriv'd, on Æsop's plan,
That all unwilling or unable,
To use the reason of a man,
Should be instructed by a fable:

When Bruin talks, well pleas'd we hear
The speaker growl, and own the bear,
Nor ever take the least offence
Where surliness is join'd to sense:
The monkey's tricks, the lion's roar,
The fox's craft, the tusks of boar,
Are parts, in silent expectation,
We look for in *their* conversation;
But when, alas! in human shape,
A speaker quadrupeds will ape,

And learned pigs will grunting speak
Their sentences of sputtering greek,
Ambitious of the characters
Of Bentley and of Scaligers,
Instructing none, offending all,
On Æsop's gentle shade I call,
That he these biped beasts would teach
The real properties of speech.

ON

ON MRS. RADCLIFFE'S ROMANCES.

QUEEN of ideal terrors, hail!
I love the dark mysterious tale,
And phantoms of affright;
Terrors which never do me harm,
But such as keep my heart's-blood warm,
Amid the winter's night.

Whilst meaner souls, t' inspire fear,
The dagger and the bowl prepare,
So prodigal of lives,
Radcliffe, who marks with wild dismay
The bloodless tenor of her way,
From fancy all her power derives.

Hurry'd towards a precipice
By her dread magic in a trice,
I feel and lose my pain—
E'er that the shuddering fit comes on,
The horrific scenery is gone
Lo, a green level plain!

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS OLD.

How sweet are youthful fancy's dreams!
The blossoms of our early day;
The sweetest of the Poet's themes
Is hope, for ever young and gay.

To you, Maria, now belong
The active jump, the graceful trip,
The sportive tale, the mad-cap song,
The laughter-loving eye and lip.

Ah! may you still remain the same,
When many a merry year has fled;
And when, alas! your Poet's name
Shall only on his tomb be read;

Then may you say, ah! well I ween,
These simple lines were made for me;
The same, as once each daily scene,
Alike my laugh, my trip, and glee.

ON

ON BOASTERS OF INDEPENDENCE.

How oft I have known some fool or knave
Of Independence storm and roar,
He'd live with base mankind no more,
But quick return to acorns and a cave.

All this was very fine—
His Grace once ask'd the man to dine;
The love of Freedom is unstable:
Cato now lives like other folks,
Proud to repeat his patron's jokes,
And oftener the praises of his table.

So have I seen in some foul stream,
A wriggling leach
So very independent seem,
Twisting and 'scaping from your reach;

'Till caught, and to the jowl apply'd
Of some fat alderman,
He loves the comfortable plan;
And soon forgets, without a sigh,
His wat'ry fate and Liberty.

THE

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

HINT TO SOME FINE COMPOSERS.

THERE are some high proud harmonies,
Vast favourites with the learn'd and wise,
I'd rather hear my knell;
They are so difficult to play,
And to conceive, would well-a-day,
They were impossible:

But when I hear melodious sounds,
With what quick joys my bosom bounds
Symphonious to the strains;
Such as can boast the gentle art,
With ease to captivate the heart,
And not torment the brains.

Wrapt into visions of delight,
What scenes allure my giddy sight,
What castles in the air!
Orpheus, who, by his magic song,
Drew stones of mighty size along,
Rais'd buildings not so fair.

How transient my delight appears,
The last note vibrates on my ears,
Now silent is the strain:
Like poor *Aladin* now I moan
To find my palaces are gone,
And 'weep to dream again.'

A HINT TO MODERN SONNETTEERS.

Break this Italian bondage, brother bards,
This octave rhyme must gall like Newgate fetters;
And who the burden of your toil regards—
No man of real sense, or taste in letters.

Our language, fill'd with consonants so rough,
Scorn this eternal yoke of jingling rhymes;
Latium, indeed, can always find enough,
Their As, and Is, and Os, ring merry chimes.

I marvel not to see your lines so *sad*,
But surely this is volunteering grief,
To hunt for sounds that rarely can be had—
But be my counsel, as it should be, brief:

Grave tho' ye be, ye are not ' wed to woe,'
You must rejoice from one ill to be free;
Adopt our elegies' majestic flow,
And write alternate verse with ease like me.

ON

ON CERTAIN GERMAN TRAGEDIES.

In spite of wisdom and the schools,
Writers who are half knaves and fools,
In their new fangled schemes of morals,
'Twixt words and meanings stir up quarrels.
Philanthropy we know is meant
To signify a sentiment
Of the best feelings of the mind
In favour of all human kind:
With a distinction plain and nice
Between a virtue and a vice:
But when the foul adulteress
Demands our pity in distress;
When robbers claim our admiration,
By actions full of consternation,
And make by horrid scenes our fears
The sacred fountain of our tears;

The Bow-street runners must supply
Threatric heroes, wet and dry;
The stage shall heroines retain,
From the chaste realms of Drury-lane,
Whilst maids of honour near them plac'd,
Complying with the public taste,
O'er Polly Peachum's foibles sigh,
And own the force of sympathy.

THE

THE HERMIT'S CONFESSION.

PERVERSE of mind, of humour crusty,
This dark and snug retreat I chuse;
With chairs antique, and volumes musty,
I wish to act the sage recluse.

Empty'd my purse by vice and folly,
And driven from the haunts of men,
I feel a pride in melancholy,
And solace in this lonely den.

Ah, vanity! my ruling passion,
That lead my gay and heedless feet
Adown the slippery paths of fashion,
Still chears me in this low retreat.

E'en now my froward heart is panting
Here to attract the gaping crowd;
Alas! with every motive wanting,
Still, still my fluttering heart is proud.

ON

ON READING A BOOK ON THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

Fair advocate! I mark thy page,
The wonder of this wond'rous age;
When, strange to tell, the meerest oaf
Subscribes himself *un Philosophe*,
And the compleatest fool in nature
Turns suddenly a legislator.
Must woman, lovely woman, then,
Be metamorphos'd like the men!
Lose their soft smiles and winning graces,
Assume right philosophic faces—
Their genius and their learning prove
By metaphysic tracts on love,
And argue from the stoic school
That amorous Strephons all are fools;

That reason guides each act of life,
And binds the husband and the wife,
And keeps each lovers' mind in awe
Better than wholesome codes of law:
Shall woman, now so grave and wise,
Pluck off the bandage from the eyes
Of Cupid and the Cyprian charmer,
Array in bold Minerva's armour?
What will become of simpering beaus,
Of diamond rings and gawdy cloaths;
Lovers must die of grief and fright
Should Cupid see and Venus fight;
Poor girls in maidenhood must tarry
Till *great philosophers* would marry.

ON

ON ZIMMERMAN'S BOOK ON SOLITUDE.

Of men of genius, such the natures,
They raise a plenteous crop of fools,
Ambitious to be imitators
Of conduct far beyond all rules—
Blockheads who read you, Zimmerman,
With notions infinitely crude,
Begin to meditate a plan
Of being fond of Solitude.

Men of deep minds, indeed the few,
In the soft shade of calm seclusion,
Life's gawdy panorama view,
They know the optical delusion:

But fools, like cucumbers, incline
  Their green heads to the hottest sun—
Delighted, as they cannot shine,
  To feel themselves thus shone upon.

ON

ON THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.

Oh, had those squanderers of lime,
And labour, and more precious time,
Apply'd them to some use;
What, tho' the buildings are full tall,
And at the bottom wide withall,
They had not lack'd excuse:

Had they been built that men might spy
More accurately the starry sky,
Or sav'd some gugling springs
From the sun's fierce absorbing ray,
Or lodg'd the traveller on his way,
I then had prais'd these things.

I fear it never will be known
Why these monstrosities of stone
Thus rear their heads on high;
Since so much learned ink is spilt,
Not in rejoicing they were built,
But all in wondering why.

ON FLATTERY.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

FLATTERY, no doubt, is sweet,
Not sweeter to the tongue is honey,
Or to the miser's hand new money,
Or flannel to his gouty feet.

The mind, by flattery seduc'd,
And the weak stomach honey fed,
Grows feeble, by the taste misled,
To wholesome viands long unus'd.

All single ladies who are pretty
With this bad drug are well supply'd,
By chattering swains on every side,
Both in the country and the city.

Marriage, that plain and wholesome dish,
A dish that always is in season,
When serv'd up at the feast of reason.
Makes pamper'd gay coquets cry "Pish."

'Till a weak frame, by paint subdu'd,
A meagre waist, a sickly air,
Against all flattery declare
How flatulent, how poor the food.

ON

ON READING NOVELS.

Oft have I heard a blockhead prate—
'I read no novels—you'll excuse,
But for the Grecian, tragic muse,
I own my taste for the sublime:
All novels are a trash I hate,
As a most childish waste of time.'

But wise men talk not in this tone
Of Fielding and of Richardson;
But are rejoic'd to see again
Their own remarks so well exprest,
And all the items of their brain
In wit and humour gaily drest.

Yet blockheads, by a false pretence,
Conceal their want of common sense,
And plenteous lack of observation,
Too dull to be by wit amus'd,
By self conceit too much abus'd,
To dream of any information.

AMONG

AMONG MY 'REMINISCENCIES.'

You lady so civil and grey,
How alter'd her manners and air!
I remember, long past is the day,
That Anne was as cruel as fair.

My friend Damon by day and by night,
In sonnets would coo like a dove;
He has been marry'd a year, and the wight
Now talks not—now thinks not, of love.

Jack Scribble, for wealth and a name,
An author's sad task undertook;
He no more dreams of riches and fame—
He has written and publish'd a book!

Each fair one an angel, forsooth,
I was once young enough to believe;
But experience has taught me a truth,
That each woman's—a daughter of Eve.

ON

ON CERTAIN MODERN HISTORIANS.

When Gibbon, and his guide, Voltaire,
Write histories with sardonic sneer,
I cannot think such men, forsooth,
For such important duties fit—
I love their eloquence and wit,
But love still more the truth.

Epigrammatic smart narration,
Georgeous and word-cramm'd declamation,
Slight sketch, facete allusion,
Are instruments, no doubt, to place
The sober reader in the case
Of luminous confusion.

If for instruction he should look
Let him peruse a wond'rous book
Call'd Jack the Giant Killer;
And if for anecdotes and jokes,
Rather than read such learned folks,
I recommend Joe Miller.

ON

ON LIFE;

A SIMILE.

I STROVE to climb up Malvern hil
With curiosity so keen;
I found the toil oppose my will,
So turn'd about to view the scene:

I saw the country far and near,
It seem'd, alas! another place;
All objects dwindled now appear,
And some which I could hardly trace.

Thus on thy heights, philosophy,
Men climb to gain superior sense;
Hence view mankind, soon with a sigh
Regret their sad pre-eminence.

Remote from what chagrins us all,
Remote from what gives pleasure too;
So every object seems too small
T' attract the philosophic view.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM A ROUT.

Sage Socrates once went into a fair
At Athens, or, perhaps, elsewhere,
'Tis little to my tale; but there he saw
Each splendid bawble, and each gay gewgaw,
Such as a man of sense, no doubt,
Might with much comfort do without.
The Sage exclaim'd, with quick averted eye,
How many things are here I would not buy!
Less sage, but not less sad, I left the rout,
Lords, ladies, knights, and squires, shining bright,
With jewels and with lace a goodly sight.

The place appear'd to me too dull
To wish one moment to remain,
A room so very warm and full
Of folks I would not see again.

ON THE LADIES WEARING WATCHES IN THEIR BOSOMS.

WITLINGS might say each lovely creature
Wears in her bosom a repeater,
Because most ladies shew a liking
To every thing they reckon striking;
And that some fair ones love the trick
Of taking up their goods on tick.
What tho' I would not wish to flatter,
My thoughts are different on the matter:
Dear creatures, I rejoice to spy
Such symptoms of philosophy;
That time you most devoutly prize
Is plainly shewn by where it lies;
Or, could it occupy a part
So very near a lady's heart?

TO A FRIEND WHO SAID I WAS BURIED IN THE COUNTRY.

Come H.—— and my epitaph pen,
I rejoice in so early a doom,
That I have fled from the dull hum of men,
And found in this cottage my tomb:

'He was stunn'd by the noise of the town,
And died in a fit of the spleen;
Long before he lethargic was grown,
And nodding he often was seen.

'Whilst blockheads were mending the state,
Or the leisure of converse would waste,
In haranguing on free-will and fate,
On philosophy, morals, and taste.

'Long dead to the joy that attends
The pursuit of fame, honour, and pelf;
For pleasure he look'd to his friends,
Whilst he sought for content in himself.'

A HINT TO ENTHUSIASTS IN THE PICTURESQUE.

How false the dreams of visionary hopes!
How oft, grim Solitude, have bards display'd
Thy charms, with all the magic power of tropes,
And call'd thee sage Philosophy's hand-maid.

So some raw youth, fantastic, vain, and rich,
In Wales or Scotland seeks some wild retreat;
And lives a week like storm-begotten witch,
Then finds that Solitude is not so sweet:

Laments that feeble man in the dark shades
Of unassisted Solitude must pine;
Ah! what are cloud-cap'd hills and proud cascades!
What! for a little while most wond'rous fine.

Adieu, Skiddaw! and thy proud lakes, Oh, Wye!
They claim'd the passing tribute of my praise;
But soon I left you all without a sigh,
In a snug country town to pass my days!

A HINT TO AMOROUS AND CLASSICAL WRITERS IN MAGAZINES.

Look not in Tooke's Pantheon, or in Spence's,
And Byshes' art for school-boys only made is;
Such learning but confounds the reader's senses,
Besides, 'tis talking latin to the ladies!

This mythologic cant obscures your style,
And shews that your invention's in distress;
Such poems never gain a patron's smile,
Or won the heart of any real mistress!

Nor make to sentiment such grave pretence—
Here genius only gains the true sublime;
Put in your *tasks* a little common sense,
Nor call that poetry that's scarcely rhyme.

THE POETICAL MISTRESS.

My Chloe has immortal charms
  Which time and death defy;
Of ivory are both her arms,
  And a diamond is each eye:

Her hair of ebony is made,
  Each lock so strong and big,
That not e'en fashion will persuade
  My nymph to wear a wig:

Her bosom, all so fair and round,
  Is made of alabaster;
So no good reason can be found
  To say it will not last her.

The face of this enchanting maid
Is one bright damask rose,
And when it on her cheeks shall fade
'Twill flourish on her nose!

For beauty equal and for fame,
Her praise I'll still rehearse;
Whose charms are lasting as my flame,
And deathless as my verse.

TO MY REAL MISTRESS.

Lovely Anne is flesh and blood,
So I deem her fair and good:
Were her teeth, of pearls a row,
Were her bosom driven snow,
Were the tresses of her hair
Sun-beams in the noon-tide air;
Were her radiant eyes the rubies
Brought from India by Na-boobies
Were her feet so small and white,
Made of silver shining bright;
Think not my expressions quaint,
(Thus will youthful poets paint;)

Such attractions had she shar'd,
In this modish phrase pourtray'd,
For whate'er I knew or car'd,
Anna might have died a maid.

ANA-

ANACREONTIC.

When Doctor Pump-Aqua came here
A brim-full decanter stood by,
Come, Doctor, partake of my cheer,
But Galen reply'd with a sigh:

'In vain, my dear friend, I exhort,
In vain send the draught and the pill,
I see that curs'd bottle of port,
Ah, there is the Fountain of Ill!'

The next time he came, in a trice
I took the last chirruping cup—
'See, Doctor, I follow advice,
The Fountain of Ill is dry'd up.'

TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED ME WITH A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

DEAR lady 'tis so, and I find
My judgement and my eyes were blind,
Tho' you could judge and see;
What tho' I felt th' enchanting pow'r
That rul'd your converse every hour,
I thought my heart was free:

When from these glasses I espy'd
Charms to my sight so long deny'd,
I view'd them with a sigh;
Your waist that swells so gently round,
Your steps that hardly touch the ground,
Your calm, yet sportive eye:

From sense to passion I was turn'd,
Where once I wonder'd now I burn'd
In visionary bliss;
I ask'd, on softer joys intent,
Your hand, instead of argument,
Instead of proof—a kiss.

VERSES TO MY MISTRESS, WHO COMPLAINED OF MY ABSENCE.

IN THE MANNER OF EDWARD WALLER.

What tho' my rivals may report
That the loud gun and manly sport
Of the brisk chase too much employ
The hours I give to rural joy;
Yet the grand pleasure of my life
Is founded in my future wife;
To that grand centre of my fate
All my best wishes gravitate.

Lo, thus our globe, altho' 'tis known
To have a motion of its own,
And in its orbit loves to stray
The private circle of the day;

Yèt, in his annual course, the earth
(Or else we all should feel a dearth)
Makes the bright sun, with fond devotion,
The attractive centre of his motion.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AFTER READING SOME VERY SAD SONNETS.

Hence, Sensibility! fantastic maid,
Of joy and sorrow equally afraid;
Why com'st thou thus to brave a life of storm?
So thin thy vesture, and so frail thy form!
Say, dost thou love by Cinthia's dubious light
Near some lone tomb to sit a woe-worn sprite;
Charm'd the Sad Sonnet's melody to hear,
And smile and shudder at the midnight air!
Dost thou delight o'er nature's vivid scene
To cast the yellow tints of sickly spleen!
Go, impotent of body and of mind,
Thy aching temples with the night-shade bind;
Haste to the hermit's and the friar's cell,
There on your self-taught woes in rapture dwell;

There useless to a world you thus deplore
Join in his sighs, and add one blockhead more:
There, for yourself, pour forth this pray'r to Heav'n—
That sins of Discontent may be forgiv'n!

THE

THE POET'S COMPLAINT CONSIDERED.

'WEALTH is the source of ev'ry human ill,
Of all the idol, yet of all the curse;'
So sings full many a luckless bard, I trow,
Without one single stiver in his purse.

Whilst thus they rave, all furious against gold,
I much suspect the sterling of each line;
And deem such declamation vastly bold,
Altho' the sentiment is *very fine.*

Fortune, I will not at thy favours jeer,
But like a lucky gamester hug my cards,
And if I find my wealth brings too much care,
I'll then divide it with my brother bards.

A CON-

A CONVENT STORY.

'If you have granted, lovely Kate,
Those favours (which I sought in vain)
To Friar John, escape his fate,
Hasten and plunge into the main!
For lately John's great favourite Tray
His master's hand in madness tore;
On you the poison soon will prey,
If—(but my pen can say no more.')

Thus, to a nun of gay eighteen
A love-sick doctor wrote, to try
If what he had heard, surmis'd, and seen,
Was but the dream of jealousy:

Kate read the letter to them all,
And pale each *virgin* face appears;
The Nuns and Lady Abbess squall
In sympathy to Katherine's tears.

The weather was so fine, they said,
She should not go alone to dip;
With Lady Abbess at their head
The nuns all eager for a trip,
Haste to the health-restoring main,
(To Kate they bore such right good will)
And found, when they return'd again,
The Friar never had been ill!

VERSES TO BE PLACED ON A LADY'S TOILET.——SUMMER, 1802.

Love is a boy (so Poets speak)
Whose favourite game is hide and seek;
See how he breaks decorum's laws
To peep behind the veil of gauze,
So nicely plac'd as not to show
My *Clara's* bosom's driven snow.
See now his eyes that never sleep,
Under her modest bonnet peep—
Now, while the frolic zephyrs play,
With nymphs the boy delights to stray,
O'er styles that lead to meadows pied,
And see their long gowns blown aside,
Discovering, with a roguish air,
What colour *Clara's* garters bear.

Now near high Phaetons he'll wend
To see the sprightly lass ascend,
Who, whilst his prying eyes escape her,
Displays her ancles, round and taper;
But whilst imprudent nymphs discover
Their ev'ry charm to ev'ry lover,
Cupid is fit to die with passion,
Since 'Hide and seek' is out of fashion.

TO A PRETTY WOMAN IN MY —— YEAR.

HINT TO ANCIENT LOVERS.

Ah, lady! no more may I view
Those magical circles, your eyes;
To love I must bid an adieu,
And bury, in silence, my sighs:
To flight I my safety must owe,
Your presence renews all my pain;
Who to freedom is such a sworn foe,
As to enter his prison again.
Tho' love might persuade me to bear
The loud-whisper'd jokes of the town,
'Twould be my fate to grieve and despair,
And yours to pity and frown.

TO REASON.

Oh, could I take the high Parnassian road,
And soar above the reach of mortal ken;
To Reason I would dedicate an Ode,
And rapid, without rule, dash on my pen.

Stanzas irregularly great should flow
With verses short and long,
Just as they suit my song,
Or as my rhyme and reason might allow.

Now, with some dwarfish lines of scarce two feet,
I'd stop, with pause sublime,
And then another time
I'd roll on Alexand'rines strong and fleet:

Then might I strike my lyre with pride elate,
And heap on Reason epithets so fine;
I'd call her Arbitress of Human Fate,
The attribute of man, and gift divine!

Let lyric Bards with such bold figures blaze;
My humble lines to common facts attend;
And look on Reason in life's dubious ways,
A sharp Reprover, and a faithless Friend.

WRITTEN AFTER READING DR. JOHNSON'S 'LIVES OF THE POETS.'

Ah, what! since all things have their season,
Poets, at last, must bow to reason;
Milton and Gray, those sons of thunder,
Must, if a pedant wills, knock under;
And quitting each brain-woven fiction,
Prove in correct as thought and diction;
Adhere to fact and common sense
Like an Old Bailey evidence,
Or else for perjury be try'd,
Because the case is plain, they lied,
And brought together earth and skies
To vindicate their monstrous lies!
Sooner shall steeds, New-Market's pride,
To flying waggons be fast ty'd,

Or the cloud-piercing eagle learn
To hunt for mice like owl in barn—
Or the great doctor's gorgeous style
Smooth'd by a brother Critic's file,
Shall monosyllables produce,
Snug and compact for gèneral use.

VERSES TO A PEDANT, WITH A SIMILE.

GRAVE Sir, no doubt, you're wond'rous wise—
I judge by those broad owl-like eyes,
  Those dark and pent-house brows:
By the deep silence you maintain
Methinks the case is very plain,
  But not so plain as your red nose.

When first, sage Sir, I heard your speech,
I own it was beyond my reach,
  Learned, and deep enough in conscience;
At length I deem'd it less obscure,
I understood it to be sure,
  By finding it was arrant nonsense!

Thus have I gaz'd upon a tow'r,
Of gothic structure, half an hour,
  Pleas'd, nay astonish'd, all the time;
'Till some curs'd tinkling bell within
Awoke me by its crazy din,
  And scatter'd every thought sublime.

TO ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS OF PETRARCH.

WERE you a moment to reflect upon it,
You'll find, in praising Petrarch, how you blunder'd;
A man in love, I grant, may write a Sonnet,
The deuce is in him if he writes an hundred!

Forget old Petrarch's dull pedantic lays,
With tender thoughts no virgin's breast they fill;
But such as stale and old to mend their ways,
Hang on the enraptur'd tongue of Rowland H—

With such Dan Petrarch may, perhaps, have merit;
In this the Poet may with H— agree,
To extol that junction of the flesh and spirit
Which fires the bosom of the devotee.

Let such write amorous hymns in language quaint,
If you love Chloe, like a man go win her;
Nor call the girl an angel or a saint;
Tell her she'll make a very pretty sinner.

A SON.

A SONNET;

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF PETRARCH.

ON MY MISTRESS DRIVING ME FROM HER PRESENCE WITH HER FAN.

I FEEL those rude cold breezes as they blow,
My sad, yet gentle harbingers of death;
Long were they foster'd on those hills of snow,
Congeal'd by the harsh winter of thy breath.

Whilst thro' the noon-tide grove I stray alone,
E'erwhile fond love emits a feeble light,
And now a woe-worn Pilgrim do I moan,
And all Love's heavenly views are hid in night.

My Laura in the clear empyreal sky,
Shines like the sun without a rival there,
Between us what a distance! whilst poor I
Am but a dog-star in this nether sphere.

Laura is gay and grave, and mild and cruel,
The source of all my woes and all my joy,
Nor prayers, nor wine, nor rhymes, nor water gruel,
Can sooth that heart which hopes and fears destroy.

SON-

SONNETS,

IN MY OWN MANNER.

Sonnet 1.

ON CHLOE'S RESERVE.

Let Chloe put on her imperious frown;
Or, what is worse, resume her treacherous smiles,
I care not, I am posting up to town,
Saddle my horse—'tis only fifty miles.

Some swains, indeed, would hang themselves on willows,
Or plunge their noddles into streams so cold;
I hate fresh water and salt water billows—
Pho, these are boyish tricks, and I'm too old!

Chloe would wed me did she think I had wealth—
Chloe is deep, perhaps, but I am deeper;
I'll walk the Mall, and woo some lass by stealth,
And *buy* as pure good love, and so much
cheaper!

Sonnet 2.

TO MY FAMILY HARPSICHORD.

SWEET emblem, well thy various notes pourtray
The chequer'd cares of my domestic day,
In the rough rumbling cadence of thy base
My butcher's and my brewer's voice I trace:
When shriller sounds arise upon mine ear
My wife's melodious pipe I seem to hear;
When to her maids she speaks her sov'reign will,
Or curtain lectures tell it plainer still,
Those strains again—ah, no! they higher soar—
Some cordials, John; and shut the nurs'ry door.
Thus, with my duns, my children, and my wife,
I play the treble and the base of life:
Blest Instrument, thy notes and mine are one,
Save your's have stops, and mine, alas! have none!

Sonnet 3.

TO THE OWL.

WRITTEN IN THE UNIVERSITY.

'HAIL! bird of woe, whose flagging pinions lean
On yon dismantled tower, whose walls sublime,
Crumbling beneath the tyrant grasp of time,
Lodge the rude howling beasts, and birds obscene.

Sage bird, I mark thy melancholy mien,
Thy dark and secret nook, which well pourtray
Thy sober hatred of the glare of day,
And love of this sad, silent, solemn scene.'

Thus sung a serious bard—I heard and smil'd,
I knew his owlship could not bear the light;
Thus sullen Pedants, by self-love beguil'd,
Far from the cheerful world betake their flight,
And, void of ev'ry talent to amuse,
In pomp of pride and wig the cloyster choose.

Sonnet 4.

ON PASSING SOME RUINS OF A GOTHIC CASTLE.

What still you look gloomy and big,
And still as I pass, you dare frown;
For your turrets I care not a fig—
I am glad that your ramparts are down.

Here liv'd some bold Baron or Knight,
Far fam'd for his riches and strife;
Who soon with his neighbour would fight,
And then ravish his daughter and wife.

Tho' your aspect, so antique and rough,
Price and Gilpin with rapture might see,
You scarcely have beauties enough
To please Mr. R——n and me!

To a Sonnet, perhaps, you'll give hints,
But for use you are worse than an hovel;
I should like you in Loutherbourg's tints,
Or by Radcliffe describ'd in a novel.

Sonnet 5.

ON SEEING SOME BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ADORNED WITH RUINS.

How fresh the herbage of this level lawn;
How redolent of joy each budding spray—
These, at the pensive eve and cheerful dawn,
Endear the pleasures of a rural day.

Such scenes can calm the feverish pulse of care,
Awake to mirth the closing eyes of age,
Sooth for a while the fury of despair,
Unfold to apathy th' instructive page.

What wayward fancy, in a scene like this,
Sad emblems of decay would thus obtrude?
What demon, envious of my day's short bliss?
What blockhead, foe to gentle solitude?

Sonnet 6.

MUSIC AND PAINTING.

ON SEEING A POOR FIDLER IN THE STREET.

Say, tuneful wanderer, in the crowded street,
What the reward of melody divine?
Thy dress is shabby, and thy slip-shod feet,
Methinks, in some respects, are worse than mine.

Vain is thy boasted art; what, tho' your din
Attracts the idle passenger who stands
To hear your fiddle scream beneath your chin,
Few are the halfpence chinking in your hands.

Thus fares it with thy Poet—what, tho' he
His sorrows vents in the sad sonnet's strains;
From every wish, save fame immortal, free;
What gets he, say—A garret without panes.

Whilst Painting, sister art, in plenty thrives
'Midst gay coquets and sober-minded cits,
And flatt'ring fond husbands, and young wives—
She makes a pretty penny by her wits.

Sonnet 7.

TO A BLACK-BIRD IN MY GARDEN.

What tho' you wear the sable garb of woe,
Sweet are the thrills which warble in your throat;
All thought of dismal colours I forego,
And praise, as well I may, each vary'd note.

Joy tunes your song, whilst now with busy wing,
From fruit to fruit voluptuously you glide;
Such as might make the darkling Owlet sing
A gay duet with Jackdaw by his side.

My garden is too small for such a guest;
I know your band is large as well as fine;
And you musicians like the very best,
And cannot *harmonize* unless you dine.

So fares it with the Bard you thus invade,
Like you he too must steal a dinner soon;
Like you he starves upon his piping trade,
And loves a nect'rine better than a tune.

Sonnet 8.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Brisk rogue, I love to hear your note;
I love to see you on the wing;
You are the harbinger of spring,
And the soft zephyrs on your plumage float:

Your strain monotonous delights,
It suits the fashion of my mind,
And the world's fashion too I find
That dull monotony of sounds and sights.

Our pleasures and pursuits how stale!
Pacing the same eternal round,
And yet we all repeat the tale,
Till hope itself asleep is found:
We still on life's old pleasures doat,
And listen to the Cuckoo's note.

Sonnet 9.

ON THE DEATH OF MY WIFE, WHO WAS SOMEWHAT QUERULOUS.

I CANNOT lament, tho' she's gone,
So great her objections to life,
To have something to ground them upon
She became very early my wife:

In the most placid moments we knew
She had always some woe to impart,
Which she did, with description so true,
For grief was a balm to her heart.

To behold the bright sun in the sky
If joy in my eyes was exprest,
My pleasure she check'd with a sigh,
And shew'd me a cloud in the west.

She is gone! and I hope the good dame
Is sojourning now in the skies,
Tho' I doubt she'll complain that she came
To a place without sorrows and sighs!

Son.

Sonnet 10.

ON VISITING A SCHOOL AFTER MANY YEARS ABSENCE.

Ah, me! what change has fancy undergone
Since twenty years have pass'd with silent tread;
I now am what I us'd to quiz, a Don—
Witness this bushy wig upon my head.

The scene how chang'd! all things diminish'd in it!
Yon wall, that us'd my wand'ring feet to stay,
Methinks I could o'er-leap it in a minuet,
Did not this gouty foot stand in my way.

Yon formal pedant's now a puppet deem'd,
All speculation from his eye is fled,
His purple nose that whilom terror gleam'd,
Looks like a well-fed lobster's claw boil'd red.

His rod terrific once, now scarce seems fit
To whip a syllabub, or scare a fly;
The moral's plain—Experience ripens wit,
And to our younger fancies gives the lie.

Sonnet 11.

AN ADIEU TO MY WATCH.

Go, useless bauble, where, on yon smooth pane,
Three golden balls in equal splendor shine;
Go; for the wise ones say, '*That time is gain!*'
And money I must have, or cannot dine.

You cannot promise aught of sweet content
Whilst on your dial thus my eyes I fix;
No alderman to me a card has sent
With dinner on the table just at six!

For me no damsel, when the sun is set
Keeps the appointed hour in yon dark grove;
Where hope is gone 'tis better to forget;
And what have hungry Bards to do with love?

Charm'd with thy trinkets, and thy fair round face,
Be thou the purchase of some school-freed boy;
He loves to see thy hours run on apace,
Whilst each gay moment points to future joy.

Sonnet 12.

THE CONSOLABLE WIDOW.

When young Dorinda lost her good old man
Grief drew no salt-drop from her hazle eyes;
She hid her *cheerful* face behind her fan,
And try'd in vain to heave a *decent* sigh.

Her breast she beat, not with a hideous yell,
Nor dar'd her flowing robes and locks to tear;
She knew the value of those charms too well,
And prudence told her muslin was too dear.

n a snug patent coffin Dromio lies;
'There's rest in Heaven,' the pious Hatchment said:
His Epitaph proclaims him good and wise—
Virtues grew like his beard when he was dead.

Dorinda's mind is still to cares alive,
And dark each rising day the last succeeds,
Till time and her attorney can contrive
To prove her husband's will, and doff her
weeds.

Sonnet 13.

WRITTEN ON PASSING BY A COTTAGE IN A WINTER DAY.

THO' idle Bards the wreath of praise entwine
Round the low Cottage, which they paint the scene
Of love and happiness—the task be mine
To shew how little poets sometimes mean.

Yon weight of snow pierces thy wretched thatch,
So ill supported by thy mud-rais'd walls;
Now the rude storm forces the feeble latch,
Whilst th' unhinged portal crashing falls

Within, what pale and haggard forms I 'spie!
With scarce a rag to brave the winter's cold;
Love sports not, meagre Dame, within thine eye,
And Damon's brow no cheerful thoughts unfold.

Go to, ye lying Wights, in verse or prose,
Whether ye shine in Novels or in Sonnets;
I wish, your heated fancies to compose,
That ye were lodg'd one twelvemonth in these hovels!

THE FROG AND THE HERMIT.

A FABLE.

During the Dog-star's furious rage,
A frog was looking for some shade,
And coming near an hermitage
With a brisk hop his entrance made:

So cry'd the Hermit—'Neighbour Frog,
You are come, no doubt, to take my place;
Here is my cloak and all my prog—
Take them, I give them with good grace,

'But you must tell the young and gay
To leave their junketting and joking;
To think of death by night and day—
You're a good hand I know at *croaking*.'

'Friend,' quoth the Frog, 'I have no taste
For self-tormenting modes of life;
Grant me some shade, and I'll go haste
To fetch my little ones and wife.'

THE

THE FABLE OF ACTEON EXPLAINED.

ACTEON, as the poets tell us,
Was one of those hard-riding fellows
That would have ventur'd his own neck
Rather than give his horse a check,
And tho' he was a marry'd man
He much infring'd on Dian's plan.
His table sumptuous, and the glass
Would oft sans intermission pass,
Till senseless to his bed they carry'd
Acteon, tho' the rogue was marry'd!
As this was ev'ry night the case
The Footman fill'd Acteon's place,
And acting in his master's stead
Plac'd horns upon the hunter's head,

A head that held so little sense
As still to plunge in fresh expence,
'Till poor Acteon sold his grounds,
And soon was *ate up* by his hounds.

ON

ON VISITING THE UNIVERSITY AFTER MANY YEARS ABSENCE.

Ah, many a merry scheme and trip I've made
Since near thy classic stream, O Cam, I stray'd;
Ah, when I hear thy jangling bells, and see
Thy cloysters dark, this is no place for me:
I utter sad, and feel my heart like lead,
Heavy and cold, with megrims in my head;
Now busy fancy to my mind recalls
The festive scenes of theatres and balls;
Of social parties, where mild wit presides,
And decent mirth, not 'holding both his sides;'
Where women charm by gentle words and looks,
And men grow wise beyond the reach of books;
Here some I see who in their careless youth
Attach'd, methought, to friendship and to truth;

Chill'd by the cloyster's damp, now darkling
frown,
And self-pleas'd Dulness marks them for her own.
Adieu, ye learn'd in vain! obscurely wise,
To-morrow I shall view more genial skies,
And quit most willingly such scenes as these,
Where many can, yet few desire to please;
Their aim, no doubt, by care-worn looks to shew
'Increase of knowledge is increase of woe.'

THE

THE ECHO.

(NO FABLE.)

I ASK my patron—'Do you know
When I shall get a place, Sir?' 'No.'
Chloe I ask'd to fix the day—
She answer'd, quite amaz'd, 'Hey day!'
I ask'd a friend to lend me money;
He star'd, and then reply'd—'What mun, I?'
I shew'd a printer my first book,
And, with a very anxious look,
I ask'd him what he thought 'twould fetch?
He quickly answer'd—'Sir, a vetch.'
I asked a banker, 'Should I put
My cash at int'rest,' country Put.
Lastly, I ask'd my slip-shod muse
What I should do, she said—'Amuse.'

ON

ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Let other Bards who write *in style*
Sing how your Ladyship can smile;
How, at your bidding, meadows green,
And vallies, too, are laughing seen;
That at your beck, so like a broom,
Each tree in winter will resume
Its ample foliage, and the crow
Shall scarce his former out-post know;
Let them describe, in every grove,
At your approach, the God of Love
Teaches both men and beast to coo,
And that e'en lions learn to woo;
Inspir'd by ev'ry amorous gale
They 'roar like any nightingale;'
That now, beneath the feet of Phillis,
Up rise the roses and the lilies;

Be their's the laurel, mine the plan
To sing your praises as I can:
'Tis yours, dear lovely Tide, to screen
Your Bard from subterfuges mean;
In Summer I abroad can wander,
Nor on my tatter'd garments ponder,
Nor meditate against my will
On longitude of taylor's bill—
Of coals and candles little think,
And much abridge my meat and drink,
And correspondents irksome dodging,
A barn or hay-stack is my lodging,
Scorning a Patron's smile or frown
Contented there I lay me down;
May I be Devil to a Printer
When I prefer thee not to Winter!

A CHECK

A CHECK TO VANITY.

A LITERARY TALE.

'Scholars, my friend, are duly priz'd,'
Exclaim'd some very moderate Poet;
I own the circumstance surpris'd,
And I am willing you should know it.

Wishing to pass a neighbouring ford
I saw a man guiding a boat
By two high poles join'd by a cord;
And the man wore a smartish coat:

He bow'd—I enter'd—pass'd the stream;
Offer'd my fee—he, self-possest,
Refus'd; quite proud, as it should seem,
To have a Poet for his guest!

The friend no more his laugh restrains—
'I know the man; he lost his senses
Some three years since—the man has wealth,
And finds it useful to his health
On the most frivolous pretences
He plies his toil, but scorns all gains.
Were you a clown, a jack-ass, or a cow,
He'd bring his boat, and make you a fine bow.'

ANO-

ANOTHER;

TO THE SAME TUNE.

A LEARNED Lady (there are some,
Or were, at least, who us'd to come
In the life-time of Montague
To a snug club, yclep'd *Bas bleu*,)
Once to a Sage was introduc'd,
And soon the Lady's tongue was loos'd:
The man had quite a philosophic scowl,
Nodded and look'd as grave as any Owl,
But such a constant silence kept
You would have thought the man had slept.

Soon after this choice conference
The Lady with her friends began:
'I never met with so much sense,
Such modesty in any man!'

He nodded at the proper place,
And never once mistook the case—
Would now most pertinently smile,
And paid attention all the while:
'I now have met for what I've long been
yearning,
A man of real wit and real learning.'

A Wag, who had devis'd the scheme,
Thought this a time to raise their mirth:
'Dear Madam, this is all a dream;
I'm glad he was not troublesome,
But I have known him from his birth,
And the poor man was born both deaf and dumb.

ON GENIUS.

Coxcombs, to praise themselves, deny
What all philosophers espy,
The specks upon the sun;
For these dull noodles cannot see
That the bright orb no doubt would be
More brilliant were there none.

Thus they to Genius lay a claim,
And wish to gain a glorious fame
By the most strange devices;
Whilst some aspire to gain the prize
By apeing singularities,
And some, more strange, by vices!

And imitate the specks of those
Who have in real splendour rose;
Yet real Genius ne'er was known
The indolent or bad to own:
To those alone proves kind,
Whose modest and incessant toil
Labours to cultivate the soil
Of a rich native mind.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HEROINES.

When o'er the dancing billows Theseus hied,
A faithless truant to his fair one's side,
Sad Ariadne, plung'd in deep despair,
Beat her full breast, and tore her golden hair.
Young Bacchus met the nymph, and, in his arms
Dry'd her big tears, and sooth'd her fond alarms.
When Poll of Plymouth saw her favourite swain
Launch with a rising gale upon the main,
She swore an oath that landmen would affright,
Tied up her hair, and plac'd her tucker right;
With arms a-kimbo (each lost hope to rally)
She sought the nearest gin-shop in Ram-Alley!

LOVE VERSES;

(NOT IN SHENSTONE.)

I TOLD my love, and told her true,
Little of modish life I knew;
To me unknown the dang'rous art
To steal and melt a lady's heart—
And ne'er before had lov'd, till now,
I breath'd to her my amorous vow.
My Chloe heard, and all the while
Indulg'd the most enchanting smile:
Ah, Shepherds! can I ever fear
My Chloe's passion's not sincere?
I told her I ne'er learn'd in France
To touch the lyre, or lead the dance;
No Poet I, and scarce could chime
Two or three stanzas to a rhime;

My Chloe heard, and all the while
Indulg'd the most enchanting smile.
I told my love, and told her true,
My meadows and my flocks were few—
That I was but an humble swain,
But still I never would complain
Of fortune, for a cot with her
I should to palaces prefer.
My Chloe heard me with a frown,
And fist uprais'd to knock me down.
Ah, Shepherds! can I ever fear
My Chloe's passion's not sincere!

ON KISSES.

(NOT IN JOANNES SECUNDUS.)

No :—I will ne'er attempt those strains
Which dare to paint a lover's bliss;
The luscious meed of amorous pains—
I mean a warm and mutual kiss.
The kiss ycleped conjugal
When folks together meet for gold,
The act is then so very cold,
That tho' my powers of rhyme are small
I yet might give it praises due,
And critics own my colours true.

Of kisses filial I could write—
They are not things of so much fire,
Nor will poetic force require
To paint the *infinite* delight;

When little master and young miss
  Upon some Whitsun holiday
Stand very patient for a kiss
  Till mamma wipes her snuff away:

Ah, let me save my powers of style,
  Till from the banks of gentle Isis,
By the prime Minister's commands
  I go to court, to sing how nice is—
How vast the joy of kissing-hands!

THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

Tho' men of no minds call me madman and oaf,
Yet my friends all declare me un grand philosophe;
Religion I hate—for I hate all restraint,
And whatever I have been, I'm no longer a saint:
Each volume of Ethics may rest on the shelf,
For the main spring of action is center'd in self.
'To be happy, we aim,' is the general voice;
Tho' laws oft deny us the means and the choice.
Tho' my writings disgrace both my talents and fame,
I mean to be talk'd of, and that is my aim:
Am I laugh'd at and scorn'd; this only I say—
I sought for distinction, but err'd in the way;
The rogue or adulterer, should not, when taken,
A penalty pay, for the man was mistaken

In seeking his pleasure; but who is so nice
To blame such an error, and call it a vice.
Should my liberal notions e'er meet with a stop,
And my lungs be clear'd up by that sophist—a
Drop,
I still would maintain that my exit, forsooth,
Was ' political justice' contending with truth.

TO DR. ——— AND OTHERS.

A POET'S PETITION.

DEAR doctor, who have always been
Famous for brewing oxygen,
Such air as mortals ought to breathe,
And not be hurry'd underneath,
Attend a moment to my pray'r,
For Poets, who live much on air,
In lofty and close garrets pent
Are judges of that element,
And find it often very beastly,
In spite of Rumford, you, and Priestley.
Now promises, in most try'd cases,
Have æther for their general basis;
If you by your great skill would give
To airs your power restorative,

THE WALK;

A MORAL TALE.

The sun his noon-tide course began,
Driving his golden car on high,
Chasing each dark cloud from the sky,
Each sorrow from the heart of man.

When from his cell, all lin'd with books,
Each musty volume thrown away,
Sir Tranquil hails the genial day,
His heart was light, and blithe his looks.

O'er Streatham's wooded lawn he hies
To the broad path where joy invites,
Proud charioteers and long-spurr'd knights,
To mix with dust the earth and skies.

The ground shook deep, the stones flew wide,
The car and steeds like lightning pass'd;
'Nay,' quoth Sir Tranquil, 'why so fast;
'His Grace is taking home his bride.'

'Less haste—more speed,' Sir Tranquil said.
The horses start—the traces broke;
From the fore-wheel out jumps the spoke:
Confusion damp'd the whole parade.

Zigzag, yet wishing much for speed,
A whiskey next approach'd, so full
Of Madam, Missy, and John Bull,
Loud groan'd the wheels, and more the steed.

Next came, with steady pace alert,
A chariot, and each horse look'd sleek;
The folks within by smiles bespeak
Them free from hurry, toil, and dirt.

'Here,' quoth Sir Tranquil, 'is plain sense,
Here man and beast are both at ease,
And the spectator joyful sees
The "Vehicle of Competence."

ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS are all the ton,
With ample fortunes, or with none—
At which I've often wonder'd;
Expensive equally the plan,
Whether papa can boast per ann.
Three thousands, or three hundred!

Little it boots to dance and sing,
If house-wife arts no comfort bring,
And cold the fair one's kitchen;
I'd rather lead a lonely life,
Than starve with any genteel wife,
Tho' women are bewitching!

Oft a *Cæcilia* have I seen
Fix'd to her instrument so keen,
'Twas ludicrous, yet shocking—
With form so thin, a voice so low,
With linen much less white than snow,
And a great hole in her stocking!

THE LONDON CHURCH-YARD.

WHAT grand mausoleums! ah, and what a race
Of Statesmen and of Warriors bold! oh, no, Sir,
That ponderous waste of marble which you face
Covers *John Fig*, a mayor, and a grocer.

Lo! then the next conceals the venal charms
Of the once fair *Puttana:* the whole city
Pour'd once a tide of wealth into her arms;
Now worms lie with her gratis—more the pity!

For a fam'd dancer yon proud tomb was plann'd,
Who, from his art, a princely income drew;
He, like a goose, upon one leg could stand,
Longer than sober folks would wish on two.

I star'd, and thank'd my guide—and then I trac'd
Some Epitaphs; how gorgeous the style!
With more than usual speed away I pac'd,
For in a church-yard who would wish to smile?

THE

THE BEECH'S COMPLAINT OF DAMON AND CŒLIA.

Oft with my far-extended boughs
I gave a friendly skreen,
Whilst lovers interchang'd their vows
Unheard, and eke unseen.

No mother sage, no maiden aunt,
(So thick with leaves the place)
Could view in front, or e'en askant,
The kiss and close embrace.

Ungrateful pair! with knives so fell
Why thus my bark invade?
Why leave your *shameless* names to tell
The *secrets* of my shade?

TO CERTAIN STUDENTS IN BOTANY.

Is THIS a due respect to nature,
Merely to learn a nomenclature?
To gossip stories of the amours
Of innocent plants and dainty flowers?
And thus your prurient minds inflame
With merry tricks of Cryptogame,
And tell of lady-plants, who wive,
Some with ten lovers—some with five!
At this pale modesty cries 'Hush,'
'Twould make a Commons Doctor blush;
For nature's sake respect e'en flowers,
Explore their virtues and their powers;
Nor make your ignorance an handle
Merely to propagate your scandal.—

Thus have I known a coxcomb prate
Of Lords and Dukes with idle pate,
Altho' no more of them he knew
Than a Court Calendar can do ;
He'd tell their names, their seats, and places,
Then claim acquaintance with their Graces.

MY OWN SORROWS.

I HAVE known my intellect and ears
Harrass'd by whining Sonnetteers,
And seen (to stigmatize the great)
The poor cry'd up at any rate;
Their faults excus'd, their vices pity'd,
And e'en their very rags be-ditty'd.
I have heard Britannia's foemen priz'd,
And treason prais'd and organiz'd—
I have known some Britons very hearty
In eulogies on B———,
Rebels and convicts face to face,
With senators in close embrace;
I have read of, but with so much wonder,
I think the stories are a blunder.
I have heard loud pedantry descant
In tropes and metaphoric rant;

Where feeble meanings sink and die,
Whirlpool'd in phraseology:
And when I felt my aching breast
With motley woes like these imprest,
Too sad to laugh, too proud to weep,
One only wish I felt—to sleep!

A SAD CASE.

Spirits of Coleridge, Southey, Charlotte Smith;
Sorrow's most faithful secretaries, come;
This is an enterprize of mickle pith,
And scorns my muse so feeble and hum-drum.

See, on this mound of grass, in tatter'd vest,
Spotted Francisca lies, and from her lap
The puling infant falls, as badly drest
As her poor mother, without hat or cap.

For many a cup since the bright morn arose,
Of sprightly Juniper, Francisca empty'd;
The beadle knows the vigour of her blows—
The parish all the frauds she has attempted!

Cunning, yet stupid—lazy, yet alert;
Careless, tho' selfish; arrogant, tho' civil:
At once attach'd to finery and dirt,
A bèggar, sober; and, when drunk, *a devil!*

TO CERTAIN PATRIOTS.

Ye self-appointed Legislators,
So philosophic in your natures;
And eke, ye representing elves,
So much attached—to your own selves!
Who're silent in a certain house,
But love in taverns to carouse,
And utter *sentiments* so hearty
In praise of members of the party,
And most intrepidly attack
A Minister—behind his back!
At the sore places of the state,
Like flies you stick, and the sound parts
You leave to really British hearts,
Whilst you deplore the nation 'ost,
In seas of words tempestuous tost,

Which the next wave must overwhelm
Because—*you* are not at the helm!
Immers'd in philosophic cant,
And mock-humanity and rant,
The poor and ignorant you bewitch
With the foul envy of the rich;
And, in a strain of pity cry,
'All hopes of safety are gone by;
No drop of comfort can be found
Upon one inch of English ground.'
I wish you all in Newgate-street—
One *drop*, perhaps, you there may meet;
Which, if apply'd, will soon occasion
Comfort to me and all the nation!

TO CERTAIN MODERN EVITES.

In antient Greece, we know the 'Nude'
Was scientifically pursu'd;
In public stood full many a goddess
Without * a 'kerchief, or a boddice;
Such charms celestial could defy,
And blind at once the critic's eye.
Thus now a lady at a ball,
Whose wealth is merely *personal*,
If she is pretty, gay, and young,
Displays her charms the beaus among,
Whilst all can read, in her soft eye,
'Bosoms to sell; ah, who will buy?'

When

* Græca res est nihil velare.—Pliny. l. 24, c. 5.

When Madam, of a *certain* age,
Yields to this all-unstripping rage,
And shews to the amaz'd beholders
Her ample back, and brawny shoulders,
And, by her plenteous lack of dress,
Shews her thin neck quite bosomless;
Since no sound motive can direct her,
(So far, at least, as I conjecture)
No hopes from gentle love entice her,
I wish her modester and wiser!

A POLI-

A POLITICAL CREED.

What tho' I quarrel with my friends,
They've ceas'd to answer my own ends:
I then dismiss them to give scope
To my broad plans, *en philanthrope.*
Men of contracted notions say—
No King, no God, I will obey;
I am no courtier and no saint,
My *energies* disdain restraint.
What tho', to mend my state in life,
To a rich friend I lend my wife;
Dull laws—not I am then to blame;
Did not great Cato do the same?
What tho' I starve my only son;
Your Roman Fathers more have done.
Sage Rousseau's children, one and all,
Were plac'd in Foundling Hospital!

What tho' all Ministers I hate—
'Tis ev'ry real Patriot's fate:
Brutus did so, and Cataline,
Or how could one's own friends get in.
The *People* never find us out
'Till we are in—and then, no doubt,
We drown their threats and their reproaches
In the brisk rattling of our coaches:
Who scorns these maxims is an oaf,
And all things but '*un philosophe.*'

FINIS.

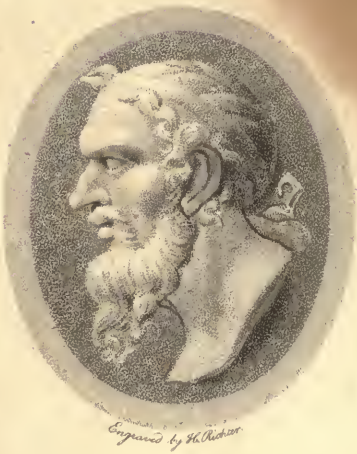
T. PLUMMER, PRINTER, SEETHING-LANE

ODES

OF

ANACREON.

S. Gosnell, Printer,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.



Engraved by H. Richter

ΑΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ

ODES

OF

ANACREON,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,

WITH

NOTES.

BY

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1805.

ODES

OF

ANACREON.

ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,

Monsieur Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

"The German imitators of it are, Lessing, in his poem 'Gestern Brüder, &c.' Gleim, in the ode 'An den Tod,' and Schmidt, in der Poet. Blumenl. Gotting. 1783, p. 7." Degen.

How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!

That when the Fates would send their minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion, &c.] The commentators, who are so fond of disputing "de lanâ caprinâ," have been very busy on the authority of the phrase ἵν' ἀν θανειν επελθη. The reading of ἵν' ἀν Θανατος επελθη, which De Medenbach proposes in his Amœnitates Litterariæ, was already hinted by Le Fevre, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice.

And

And why should I then pant for treasures?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!
Mine be the nymph, whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!] This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. Ὑγιαινειν μεν αριστον ανδρι δοκει. Δευτερον δε, καλον φυναι γενεσθαι. Το τριτον δε, αλυπητον αβολητ. Και το τεταρτον, συνειναι μετα των φιλων.

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
And next, those charms by which the eye we move;
The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
And then, an intercourse with those we love!

ODE XXXVII.

'T was night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd!

With

" Compare with this ode the beautiful poem ' der Traum' of Uz." Degen.

Monsieur Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension, which I believe he suffered for his Anacreon. " Fuit olim fateor (says he in a note upon Longinus), cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone (Anacreontem dico, si nescis, Lector), noli sperare, &c. &c." He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who

With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slily smil'd;
Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,
But, ah! 't was plain they envied me.
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,

Al

who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of:

Οὐδεὶς φιλοπότης ἐγένετο ἀνὴρ κακός.

"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

All were gone! "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restore,
"Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"

—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone!] "Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses,

Εγρομενος δε
Παρθενον ουκ' εκιχησε, και ηθελεν αυθις ιαυειν."

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
He found no beauty in his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid! Longepierre.

"Sleep! again my joys restore,
"Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"] Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, animadverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us: "I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

ODE

ODE XXXVIII.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the God who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.

From

" Compare with this beautiful ode the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v. das Gesellschaftliche; and of Bürger, p. 51, &c. &c." Degen.

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.] Robertellus, upon the epithalamium

From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him, the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we 're yet to journey o'er?

thalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cytherea, the name of Venus, παρα το κευθειν τας εραστας, which seems to hint that "Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

No,

No, no! the walk of life is dark;
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!

No, no! the walk of life is dark;

'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!] The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia:

Λουσμενοι, Πρωδικη, συνεπωμεθα, και τον ακρατον
Ελκωμεν, κυλικας μιξομεν αβρα μετοις.
Ραιος ὁ χειροντων εστι βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα
Γηρας κωλυσει, και το τελος θανατος.

Of which the following is a loose paraphrase:

Fly, my belov'd, to yonder stream,
We 'll plunge us from the noontide beam;
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.
Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly,
As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
" Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse which trembles warm!
And death—alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

Then

Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death;
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls, that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the God who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping wild the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!

Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!] Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl:

Je sais bien que les destinées
Ont mal compassée nos années,
Ne regardez que mon amour.

Peut-être en serez vous emue,
Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vu.

Pair

Fair and young, thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.

My love's a child; and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
That first I set my eyes on thee!

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven ordains me here,
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journied o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more;
And all the path I 've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no! the heart that feels with me,
Can never be a slave to thee!

And

No, no! the heart that feels with me,
Can never be a slave to thee!] Longepierre quotes an epigram here from the Anthologia, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase; it is by no means Anacreontic, but has an interesting

And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

interesting simplicity, which induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion.

Ελπις και συ τυχη μεγα χαιρετε. τον λιμεν' ευρον.
Ουδεν εμοι χ' υμιν. παιζετε τους μετ' εμε.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
The charm that once beguil'd is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destin'd shore.
Away, away! your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, where he makes him give the precepts of good fellowship even from the tomb.

Πολλακι μιν τοδ' ειπα, και εκ τυμβου δε βοησω
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφικαλυψθε κονιν.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young,
"Ere death has made thee cold as I."

ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranc'd to lie
Where

And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, &c.] Thus Horace:

Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi. Book IV. Ode 13.

And

Where the imbowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breath'd the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away!

ODE XLII.

YES, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;

And,

The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode:

Ου φιλος, ὁς κρητηρι παρα πλεω οινοποταζων,
Νεικεα και πολεμον δακρυοεντα λεγει.
Αλλ' ὁγις Μουσεων τε, και αγλαα δωρ' Αφροδιτης
Συμμισγων, ερατης μνησκεται ευφροσυνης.

When

And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that envy's tongue can shed.
Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours e'er the bowl,

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream;
Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him, whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

Where every cordial heart should be
Attun'd to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along;
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love:
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,

Some

And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings, &c.] On the barbiton an host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The authors *, extant upon the subject, are, I imagine, little understood; but certainly if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody; for this is

* Collected by Meibomius.

Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!

Surely

a nicety of progression, of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, attributed to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called *το ἑυρημα τω Ανακρεοντος*. Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot. in Horat. on the words "Lesboum barbiton," in the first ode.

And

Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?

Oh

And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die!] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia:

Κυρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθιεσσιρα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νικταρ ην το φιλημα. το γας στομα νικταρος ισχει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πιουσαν.

Of which the following may give some idea:

The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'T was nectar she gave me to sip,
'T was nectar I drank in her sigh!

The dew that distill'd in that kiss,
To my soul was voluptuous wine;
Ever since it is drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here?] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier

Oh yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The genius of festivity!

thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

All, all are here, to hail with me
The genius of festivity!] Κωμος, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures (as all the annotators have observed), gives a very beautiful description of this god.

ODE XLIV.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.

This spirited poem is an eulogy on the rose; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is very elegantly styled "the eye of flowers;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse "the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

"Compare with this forty-fourth ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Ux die Rose."

Rose!

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them round me while I sing;
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While

When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.] "This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon." Degen.

With some celestial, glowing maid, &c.] The epithet βαθυκολπος, which

While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
I 'll bill and twine in airy dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed:" if this was really Anacreon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See the Koran, cap. 72.

ODE

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep;
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
Oh!

Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way; &c.] I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of τι δε τον βιον πλανωμαι; according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line:

Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacere alma e gradita,
Vaneggiare in questa vita?

ODE XLVI.

See the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!

The

The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of Ἴδε πως ἔαρος φαίνεται is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace;

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte—

The imperative ἴδε is infinitely more impressive, as in Shakespeare,

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;

While

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44.

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; there, in a little villa at some distance from the city, which commanded a view of the Ægean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in Anac. vita, § xxxv. This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasant association, which makes the poem more interesting.

Monsieur Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring; I cannot find it. See Chevreau Œuvres Mêlées.

" Compare with this ode (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth der Frühling, and book fifth der Mai."

While virgin Graces, warm with May,

Fling roses o'er her dewy way!] De Pauw reads, Χαριτες ῥοδα βρυουσιν, " the roses display their graces." This is not ungenious;

While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultur'd field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;

uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has objected, very frivolously.

The murmuring billows of the deep

Have languish'd into silent sleep; &c.] It has been justly remarked, that the liquid flow of the line απαλυνεται γαληνη is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And cultur'd field, and winding stream, &c.] By βροτων εργα, "the works of men (says Baxter), he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun."

All

All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I 'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I 'll ask!

Let

But brandishing a rosy flask, &c.] Ασκος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb ασκος και θυλακος, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is men-

Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honied wave!
For though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I 'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again!

tioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus, from the Hesione of Alexis.

The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

ODE XLVIII.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow 's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,

Ivy leaves my brow entwining, &c.] "The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), because he formerly lay hid under that tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine." Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, &c. &c.

While

While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, oh my budding vine,
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me.
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;] I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others:

Altri segua Marte fero;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

ODE XLIX.

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;

This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chansons à boire. Most likely they were the effusions of the moment of conviviality, and were sung, we imagine, with rapture in Greece; but that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can be very little felt by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,

Thaws the winter of our soul; &c.] Ανιος is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance, that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Λεῦι (one of the bacchanal cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus.

When

When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet!
'T is surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink!
Sing, sing of love, let music's breath
Softly beguile our rapturous death,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
To the voluptuous cadence die!
Then waking from our languid trance,
Again we 'll sport, again we 'll dance.

ODE L.

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's fresh'ning dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.

When

Faber thinks this spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon."

The form of this ode, in the original, is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrain stanzas, each beginning with the line

Ὅτ' ἐγω πιω τον οινον.

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

"Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v. der Wein, where that divine poet has wantoned in the praises of wine."

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre),

When I drink, my sorrow 's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
When I drink, the jesting boy
Bacchus himself partakes my joy;
And while we dance through breathing bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,

In

Longepierre), whom wine has inspired with poetry. There is an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πωλος ἱππος ἀοιδω,
Ὑδωρ δε πινειν, καλον ὑ τοις σοφοις ὑσος."

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You 'll never write any thing wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies!

And while we dance through breathing bowers, &c.] If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to πολυανθεσιν μ' ἐν αὐραις, "Cave ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy,

In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begem'd with tears of wine;
And, while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest!
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,

fancy, by such extravagant conceptions of the passage. Could our poet imagine such bombast as the following?

Quand je bois, mon œil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
Bacchus m' importe dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

Or this:

Indi mi mena
Mentre lietro ebro deliro,
Bacco in giro
Per la vaga aura serena.

Then

Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus! I breathe my vows to thee,
In many a sigh of luxury!
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!

When

When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!] Subjoined to Gail's edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the Θιασοι of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odeon in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to

When I drink, the bliss is mine;
There 's bliss in every drop of wine!
All other joys that I have known,
I 've scarcely dar'd to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy!

to Gail through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject.

ODE LI.

Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,

Still

Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it:

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores?
Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella sinu?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
Aspice ut intextas deceant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mista rosis.

Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
Is it, that wintery time has strew'd my brow,
And thine are all the summer's roseate charms?

See

Still I 'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

See the rich garland, cull'd in vernal weather,
Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
In wreaths of love we thus may twine together,
And I will be the lily, thou the rose!

See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,] "In the same manner that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness of his locks, from the beauty of the colour in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus, endeavours to recommend his black hair:

Και το ιον μελαν εϛι, και ἁ ϒϛαπτα ὑακινθος
Αλλ' εμπας εν τοις ϛεφανοις τα ϖρωτα λεϒονται."

Longepierre, Barnes, &c.

ODE

ODE LII.

Away, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?

"This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon: for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known." Degen.

Though the antiquity of this ode is confirmed by the Vatican manuscript, I am very much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for though the dawnings of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Πασαν παιδιαν μακαριος φευγετι, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles.

Teach

Teach me this; and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!
Age begins to blanch my brow,
I 've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;

Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!] By χρυσης Αφροδιτης here, I understand some beautiful girl, in the same manner that Αναιος is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman, "golden."

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, as usual, wantons on this passage of Anacreon:

E m'insegni con piu rare
Formè accorte d'involare
Ad amabile beltade
Il bel cinto d' onestade.

I'll

I 'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You 'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there 's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!

And there 's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!] Thus the witty Mainard:

La Mort nous guette; et quand ses lois
Nous ont enfermés une fois
Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu bons vins et bon repas,
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

From Mainard, Gombauld, and De Cailly, old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language are borrowed.

ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I 'm young again !
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid !
Cull the flower and twine the braid ;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows ;

And

Bid the blush of summer's rose

Burn upon my brow of snows; &c.] Licetus, in his Hieroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus."—"It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and

And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;

He

philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus, as fal'en off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. This, indeed, is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators.

He still can kiss the goblet's brim; &c.] Wine is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine for old men: "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat, &c.;" but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance whether he will or not."

Λογος ες' αρχαιος, ὁ κακως εχων,
Οινον λεγουσι τους γερονταϛ, ω πατερ,
Πειθειν χορευειν ὁ θελοντας.

ODE LIV.

METHINKS, the pictur'd bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phœnician fair!

"This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa." Madame Dacier.

It may perhaps be considered as a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 23. "Sidonii numismata cum fœminâ tauri dorso insidente ac mare transfretante, cuderunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarte, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

Moschus has written a very beautiful idyll on the story of Europa.

How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast, of vulgar vein,
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!] Thus Moschus:

Κρυψε θεον και τρεψε δεμας· και γινετο ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.

ODE LV.

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we 'll sing;
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose

This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, ῥόδα μ' εἰρηκας, "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurettes" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word ῥόδον, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaulminus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose:

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo. Eleg. 8.

Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;

Now I again embrace thee, dearest,
(Tell me, wanton, why thou fearest?)
Again my longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, and they are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the Rose:

Carmine digna rosa est; vellem caneretur ut illam
Teius argutâ cecinit testudine vates.

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;] I have passed over the line συν ἑταιρει αυξει μελπην; it is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards: φερε δη φυσιν λεγωμεν.

The

The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;

And

The rose is warm Dione's bliss, &c.] Belleau, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here ἀφροδισιον τ'ἄνθεμα, translates it, "comme les délices et mignardises de Venus."

Oft has the poet's magic tongue

The rose's fair luxuriance sung; &c.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the Romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. Ει τοις ανθεσιν ηθελεν ὁ Ζευς ενιθειναι βασιλεα, το ῥοδον αν των ανθων εβασιλευε. γης τε κοσμος, φυτων αγλαϊσμα, οφθαλμος ανθων, λειμωνος ερυθημα, καλλος αμμιγες. Ερατος ωνις, Αφροδιτης προξενις, ενιδεσι φυλλοις κομᾳ, ενειντοις ωτιλλοις τ'ερᾳ. το ωτιλλον το Ζεφυρω γιλᾳ.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,

Eye

And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'T is sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'T is sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

Eye of flowrets, glow of lawns,
Bud of beauty, nurs'd by dawns:
Soft the soul of love it breathes,
Cypria's brow with magic wreaths,
And, to the Zephyr's warm caresses,
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,
It blushes a diviner ray!

When

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh! there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dies;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.

When morning paints the orient skies,

Her fingers burn with roseate dies; &c.] In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, ωσρα τον εσρον. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages: even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon. Fuit haec sapientia quondam.

The

The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay.

And

Preserves the cold inured clay, &c.] He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks), to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. Homer's Iliad ψ. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x. 782.

———hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus patriâque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls ἔαρος μέλημα. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. lv. that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and he has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay.] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ. Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17), or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving

And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung.

ing its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρονον δε ουτε Ερως, ουτε ροδα οιδεν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!] Thus Caspar Barlæus, in his Ritus Nuptiarum:

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses,
When wither'd by the solar eye!

When,

When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produc'd an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And

With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed, &c.] The author of the "Pervigilium

And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

" Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis—

——rosæ
Fuere aprino de cruore—

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flowret feels her blood, and blushes!

ODE

ODE LVI.

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In winged circlets through the dance;
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;

"Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. i. die Weinlese." Degen.

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one of the επιλήνιοι ὕμνοι as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a peculiar veneration for these relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

The

The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!
And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!] In the original οινον αγαθον κομιζων. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the nepenthé of Homer in his mind. Odyssey, lib. iv. This nepenthé was a something of exquisite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, with very elegant gallantry, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See De Meré, quoted by Bayle, art. Helene.

No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the cheek;
No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly!
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

ODE LVII.

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a frenzied flight of soul
Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,

Imagine

This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomené, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, &c. to denounce the whole poem as spurious. Non ego paucis offendar maculis. I think it is beautiful enough to be authentic.

Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty!
Oh! he has given the captur'd sight
A witching banquet of delight;
And all those sacred scenes of love,
Where only hallow'd eyes may rove,

Lie

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?] The abruptness of ἀρα τις τορευσε ποντον, is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties, which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become languid and unimpressive.

And all those sacred scenes of love,
Where only hallow'd eyes may rove, &c.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty

Lie faintly glowing, half-conceal'd,
Within the lucid billows veil'd.
Light as the leaf, that summer's breeze
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,
And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the amorous billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,

Illume

modesty of description, which is like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

Her bosom, like the humid rose, &c.] "Ροδεον (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom." Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.

Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces!
In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And baby Love with smiles of fire!

While,

Crottus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague an use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes: "e roseis oculis."

———*young Desire, &c.*] In the original Ἵμερος, who was the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem beginning

Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated:

Gay

While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, &c.

ODE LVIII.

When gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? never, never!

No,

I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode; it deviates somewhat from the Vatican MS. but it appeared to me the more natural order.

When gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,

Escapes like any faithless minion, &c.] In the original Ὁ δραπετης ὁ χρυσος. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysos, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

And flies me (as he flies me ever), &c.] Και δ', και με φευγει. This

No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by ties of gold confin'd,
I loosen all my clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell;

This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gyrald. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia.

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc, &c.

Si sic omnia dixisset! but the rest does not bear citation.

The

The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
And love dissolves along the strings!
Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
How little gold deserves a thought,
The winged slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose balmy art
In slumber seals the anxious heart!
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!
Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
The waftage of thy wings can hold.
I well remember all thy wiles;
They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,

And

And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
I thought its angel breath was fled!
They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.
Oh! fly to haunts of sordid men,
But rove not near the bard again!
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;

They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.] Original:

Φιλημασιν δε κιδνην,
Πεθον κυπελλα κιρνης.

Horace has "Desiderique temperare poculum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;"

as in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "Ινα και πιωμεν αμα και φιλωμεν," "that you may at once both drink and kiss."

And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense,
And with thy gay, fallacious blaze,
Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

ODE LIX.

Sabled by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,

The title Εωινιακος ὑμνος, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56), but this is a description of the vintage; and the title ει οινον, which it bears in the Vatican MS. is more correct than any that have been suggested.

Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion. "Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;" but this is far from satisfactory criticism.

In

In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring,
His heart is fire, his foot 's a wing;
And as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,

Impassion'd

Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
Blush through the bower, that, closely twin'd,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to the embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage heaven had spread,
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;

Swears that the herbage heaven had spread,
Was sacred as the nuptial bed; &c.] The original here has been variously interpreted. Some, in their zeal for our author's purity, have supposed, that the youth only persuades her to a premature marriage. Others understand from the words προδοτις γαμων γινεσθαι, that he seduces her to a violation of the nuptial vow. The turn which I have given it is somewhat like the sentiment of Heloïsa, "amorem conjugio, libertatem vinculo præferre." (See her original Letters.) The Italian translations have almost all wantoned upon this description; but that of Marchetti is indeed "nimium lubricus aspici."

That

That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only rais'd his flame anew.
And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloom'd in any bower!

Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

ODE LX.

AWAKE to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!

This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

Then wake thee from thy magic slumbers,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
As down Cayster's tide he floats,
Plays with his snowy plumage fair
Upon the wanton murmuring air,
Which amorously lingers round,
And sighs responsive sound for sound!
Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze!
I sing the love which Daphne twin'd
Around the godhead's yielding mind;

I sing

I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this æthereal youth of light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!

And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade, &c.] Original:

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον,
Φυσιν δ' αμειψε μορφην.

I find the word κεντρον here has a double force, as it also signifies that "omnium parentem, quam sanctus Numa, &c. &c." (See Martial.) In order to confirm this import of the word here, those who are curious in new readings, may place the stop after φυσιν, thus:

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον
Φυσιν, δ' αμειψε μορφην.

The God pursu'd, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh
With which enamour'd virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But, oh my soul! no more—no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly-mad'ning dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!

And

And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:] The original is Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality too, with some little reserve, I think we might not blush to follow in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines:

Away! I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,

how many are there in the world, to whom we would wish to say, Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου!

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS. whose authority confirms the genuine antiquity of them all, though a

When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken; I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy, the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words Πτεροισι συγκαλυψω, he says, "Vatican MS. συσκιαζων, etiam Prisciano invito," though the MS. reads συγκαλυψω, with συσκιασω interlined. Degen too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS. has τενιη with αι interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of τενδη. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. Αλαλημενη δ' επ' αυτη, while the latter has αλαλημενας δ' επ αυτα. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

ODE

ODE LXI.

Golden hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.

Withering

The intrusion of this melancholy ode, among the careless levities of our poet, has always reminded me of the skeletons, which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse should disown this ode. Quid habet illius, illius quæ spirabat amores?

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,

All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode xi.; and thus in the second epistle, book ii.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;
And wafts from our enamour'd arms
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

Dreary is the thought of dying! &c.] Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance. Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean philosopher. See his poem, addressed to the Marquis La Farre.

Plus j'approche du terme et moins je le redoute, &c.

I shall leave it to the moralist to make his reflections here: it is impossible to be very anacreontic on such a subject.

And,

And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

And, the gloomy travel o'er,

Ah! we can return no more!] Scaliger, upon Catullus's well-known lines, "Qui nunc it per iter, &c." remarks, that Acheron, with the same idea, is called ἀνήξοδος by Theocritus, and δυσπάλυτος by Nicander.

ODE LXII.

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;

Let

This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x. and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib. iv. der Trinker.

But let the water amply flow,

To cool the grape's intemperate glow; &c.] It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded:

Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl 's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that sooths and blesses!

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavêre Lyæum
Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.
Pierius Valerianus.

Which is, non verbum verbo,

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

And

And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

ODE LXIII.

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers!
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

"This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. lib. vi. and in Arsenius, Collect. Græc." Barnes.

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

ODE LXIV.

HASTE thee, nymph, whose winged spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!

This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v. 1. as cited by Barnes). Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed the same liberty in reporting this anecdote, which I have done in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always considered pardonable in the interpretation of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "tamen usque recurret."

Goddess

Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Dian! must they—must they pine?

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander: near to it was situated the town Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

ODE LXV.

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace! thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doting heart
Is novice in the bridling art?

This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously throughout it, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates: there is more modesty than ingenuity in the lady's conjecture.

Pierius, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us, that a horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

Believe

Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou 'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins upon that tender form,
However wild, however warm!
Thou 'lt own that I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wish'd-for goal!

ODE LXVI.

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, thou blushing young desire,
Who rul'st the world with darts of fire!

This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scolium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. A subject so interesting to an amorous fancy, was warmly felt, and must have been warmly described, by such a soul and such an imagination. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of her epithalamiums:

Ολβιε γαμβρε. σοι μεν δη γαμος ως αραο,
Εκτετιλες', εχεις δε παρθενον αν αραο.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

And

And oh! thou nuptial power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key;
Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young desire!
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial power,
Come, and illume this genial hour.
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy!
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Oh! Stratocles, impassion'd youth!
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own;

Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!
To those bewitching beauties turn,
For thee they mantle, flush and burn!
Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd bloom discloses,
The sweetest rose where all are roses!
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;
And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!

And foster there an infant tree,
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!] Original Κυπαριττος δε ωιφυκοι σευ ενι κηπω. Passeratius, upon the words "cum castum amisit florem," in the nuptial song of Catullus, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminus attributes to ῥοδον, says, "Hortum quoque vocant in quo flos ille carpitur, et Græcis κηπον εϛι το εφηβαιον γυναικων."

May I remark, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus, has neglected a most striking and Anacreontic beauty in those verses "Ut flos in septis, &c." which is the repetition of the line, "Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ," with the slight alteration of nulli and nullæ. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; he has translated γελοισαι ἱμερόεις, but takes no notice of ἀδὺ φωνεισαι. Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully:

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

ODE LXVII.

GENTLE youth! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why, repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues?
Thou little know'st the fond control
With which thy virtue reins my soul!
Then smile not on my locks of grey;
Believe me, oft with converse gay,

I have formed this poem of three or four different fragments, which is a liberty that perhaps may be justified by the example of Barnes, who has thus compiled the fifty-seventh of his edition, and the little ode beginning φερ' ὕδωρ, φερ' οἶνον, ω παι, which he has subjoined to the epigrams.

The fragments combined in this ode, are the sixty-seventh, ninety-sixth, ninety-seventh, and hundredth of Barnes's edition, to which I refer the reader for the names of the authors by whom they are preserved.

I've

I 've chain'd the ears of tender age,
And boys have lov'd the prattling sage!
For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
And mine is many a soothing measure;
And much I hate the beamless mind,
Whose earthly vision, unrefin'd,
Nature has never form'd to see
The beauties of simplicity!
Simplicity, the flower of heaven,
To souls elect, by nature given!

And boys have lov'd the prattling sage!] Monsieur Chaulieu has given a very amiable idea of an old man's intercourse with youth:

Que cherché par les jeunes gens,
Pour leurs erreurs plein d'indulgence,
Je tolere leur imprudence
En faveur de leurs agrémens.

ODE LXVIII.

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The stream of Amalthea's horn!
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

Of the Tartessian prince my own;] He here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, an hundred and fifty years; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes.

ODE LXIX.

Now Neptune's sullen month appears,
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We 'll hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

ODE LXX.

THEY wove the lotus band to deck,
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread;

Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

And every guest, to shade his head,

Three little breathing chaplets spread;] Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtezan, who, in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance is extremely like the subject of one of the tensons of Savari de Mauléon, a Troubadour. See L'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

And

And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief!
While, from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

ODE LXXI.

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat;
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

This poem is compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hephæstion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.

ODE LXXII.

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

The nurſling fawn, that in ſome ſhade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind, &c.] In the original:

'Ος τε νλη κεροεσσης
Απολειφθεις ὑπο μητρος.

"Horned"

" Horned" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet; Madame Dacier however observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, &c. have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the Scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet, " jussit habere puellam cornua."

ODE LXXIII.

FARE thee well, perfidious maid!
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceas'd to love me here!

This fragment is preserved by the Scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

ODE LXXIV.

I BLOOM'D awhile, an happy flower,
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I fell, like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow!

This is to be found in Hephæstion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I must here apologize for omitting a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, Ξανθη δ' Ευρυτυλη μελει, &c. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi. It is in a style of gross satire, and is full of expressions which never could be gracefully translated.

ODE LXXV.

Monarch Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou 'lt own I 've learn'd that lesson well!

This fragment is preserved by Dion Chrysostom. Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 93.

ODE LXXVI.

Spirit of Love, whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine;
Come, within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And,

This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101), is supposed, on the authority of Chamæleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says), Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacreon." Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett. tom. ii. de Novembre 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is very finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μυσ' ενισπες
'Υμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Τηϊος χαρας ὁν αειδε τερπνως
Πρεσβυς αγαυος.

Oh

And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe;
Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

Oh Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou 'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sang for me.

ODE LXXVII.

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old,
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

This is formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

ODE LXXVIII.

WOULD that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair;
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcæus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

ODE LXXIX.

When Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching Time has taught to flow,
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And flitting on he seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou 'st had thy day!"

See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his little essay on the Gallic Hercules.

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray,
Which lightens our meandering way;
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing,
And teases, though divinely pleasing!

Barnes, 125th. This, if I remember right, is in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

LET me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death
To sooth my misery!

This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very elegantly.

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenæus, is an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
I think there 's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!

This fragment is in Hephæstion. See Barnes, 95th. Catullus expresses something of this contrariety of feelings:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. Carm. 53.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

FROM

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I 'll plunge into the whitening deep:
And there I 'll float, to waves resign'd,
For Love intoxicates my mind!

This also is in Hephæstion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123d of Barnes.

MIX me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

This fragment is collected by Barnes from Demetrius Phalareus, and Eustathius, and is subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers, which I thought I might enture with any grace to transplant. I wish it could be said of the garland which they form, Το δ' ως' Ανακρεοντος.

AMONG

Among the Epigrams of the Anthologia, there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety; a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

Αντιπατρῳ Σιδωνιῳ, εις Ανακρεοντα.

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος
ἁδρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·
πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοιντο γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ' απο γης ἡδυ χεοιτο μεθυ,
ὁφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οστεα τερψιν αρηται,
ει δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνα,
ω το φιλον στερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν ἀοιδα
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

AROUND the tomb, oh bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And Summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus,

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure!

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!

Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, de Poetis Græcis, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvvisatore. See Institut. Orat. lib. x. cap. 7. There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others; and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are these I have selected, upon Anacreon. Those remains have been sometimes imputed to

another poet * of the same name, of whom Vossius gives us the following account: "Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Cæsaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate Ανθολογιας lib. iv. tit. εις ορχηστριδας. At eum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione, &c. &c."

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, Lexic. Univers. By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodæus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodæus with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopœus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

* Pleraque tamen Thessalonicensi tribuenda videntur.
Brunck, Lectiones et Emendat.

Τω αυτω, εις τον αυτον.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρεοντος. ὁ Τηϊος ιθαδε κυκνος
Ευδει, χη παιδων ζωροκαιη μαχη.
Αχμην λειριοεσσι μιλιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλω
Ἱμερα· και κισσω λευκος οδαδε λιθος.
Ουδ' Ἀϊδης σοι τρυλας απισθοισιν· ὁ δ' Αχεροντος
Ω, ὁλος ωδινας Κυπριδι θερμοτερη.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold the heart, which liv'd but to respire
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire!

And

———*the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of Pindar.

Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath;
And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!

Nor

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ἱμεροισι συνλροφον
Λυαι☙ Ανακρεοντα, Τηϊον κυκνον,
Εσφηλας ὑγρη νεκταρ☙ μεληδονη.
Ευγενους, Ανθολογ.

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd
In wine's bewildering dream,
The fairest swan that ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream!
The Teian, nurs'd with all those honied boys,
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lip'd Joys!

Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath;] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet:

Μολπης δ' ὁ ληθη μελιβρωϛ☙ αλλ' ἐτι κεινο
Βαρϐιτον ὠδε θανων ευνασεν εν αϊδη.
Σιμωνιδου, Ανθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But living still, his amorous lute
With sleepless animation sighs!

This

Nor yet has death obscur'd thy fire of love,
Still, still it lights thee thro' the Elysian grove;
And dreams are thine, that bless th' elect alone,
And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled "divine;" though Le Fevre, in his Poetes Grecs, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobæus, Λογ@- γυναικων.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopœus, the commentator here, appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id necquicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could never produce.

Τᾳ αὐλῃ, εἰς τον αὐλον.

ΞΕΙΝΕ, ταφον παρα λιθον Ανακρεοντος αμειβων,
Ει τι τοι εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,
Σπεισον εμη σποδιη, σπεισον γανος, οφρα κεν οινω
Οσσα γηθησε ταμα νοθιζομενα,
Ὡς ὁ Διονυσῳ μεμελημενος ἁσι κωμος,
Ὡς ὁ Φιλακρηϊδ συνδροφος ἁρμονιης,
Μηδε καλαφθιμενος Βακχῳ δίχα τεθον ὑποισω
Τον γενεη μεροπων χωρον οφειλομενον.

Oh stranger! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,

And

The spirit of Anacreon utters these verses from the tomb, somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of expression.

—*if*

And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In exquisite libation here!

So-

——*if Anacreon's shell*
Has ever taught thy heart to swell, &c.] We may guess from the words εν βιβλοις ειμεν, that Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these Mr. Le Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast:

Aussi c'est pour cela que la posterité
L'a toujours justement d'age en age chanté
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goin-freric,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

See the verses prefixed to his Poetes Grecs. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium:

Εις Ανακρεοντα. ανδριαντα.

Θαυμα τον ανδριαντα τοδον, ω ξενε,
σκωλα, και λεγ', οτευ τε σιμον εσθης·
Ανακρεοντος εειδον· ειδον εν Τεω
τον ποτε δ' ει τι ποτ' ησκησεν αοιδαιον.
προσθεις δε χειλη τοις νεοισιν αδελφ,
ηρεμα αμφαυσει ολον τον ανδρα.

So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
I cannot even in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,

Upon the Statue of Anacreon.

Stranger! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage;
And you may say, returning to your home,
"I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."
Then, if you add, "That striplings lov'd him well,"
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

The simplicity of this inscription has always delighted me; I have given it, I believe, as literally as a verse translation will allow.

And drop thy goblet's richest tear, &c.] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet:

Και μιν αει τεγλοι νοΐερη δροσῳ, ἡς ὁ γεραιῳ
Λαροΐερον μαλακων επνεεν εκ γομαΐων.

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreath'd,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Whose lips a dew of sweetness breath'd,
Richer than vine hath ever shed!

When

When Harmony pursu'd my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed!
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, &c.] The original here is corrupted; the line ὡς ὁ Διονυσ, &c. is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus:

ὡς ὁ Διονυσοις λιλαεμενοις συνῆν χαριεν.

See Brunck, Analecta Veter. Poet. Græc. vol. ii.

Τε αυλε, εις τον αυλον.

Ἐυδεις εν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα πονησας
ἐυδει δ' ἡ γλυκερη νυκλιλαλος κιθαρα,
ἰυδει και Σμερδις, το Ποθων εαρ, ὡ συ μελισδων
βαρβιτ', ανεκρεε νεκλαρ εναρμονιον.
ηϊδεε γαρ Ερωλος εφυς σκοπος· ες δε σε μεγον
τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ἐκηβολιας.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

She

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, &c.] In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the bard is not allowed to be silent even after his death.

ὡς

She too, for whom that harp profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!
Farewell!

ὡς ὁ φιλαχρης τι και οινοζαρης φιλομυρ-
σινοχρως κρουι την φιλοπαιδα χιλυν.
Σιμωνιδου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
To joys he lov'd on earth so well,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attune the wild, aërial shell!

She, the young spring of thy desires, &c.] The original, το Ποθεν σας, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress Eurypyle would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

ὑγρα δε διερομενοισιν εν ομμασιν αλον αειδοις,
αιδυσσαν λιταρης ανθος υπερθε κομης,
τα πρ. Ευρυπυλην τιθεμμενοι . . . .

* Brunck has κρουων; but κρουι, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

Long

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her!

Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul's desire!
Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses;
Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, ανθος κομης, "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus: Απεκειρας δ' απαλης αμωμον ανθος.

The purest nectar of its numbers, &c.] Thus, says Brunck, in the prologue to the Satires of Persius:

Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

"Melos"

" Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it; but " nectar," I think, is much more spirited.

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart, &c.] ὦ πᾶσι σκοπὸς, " scopus eras naturâ," not " speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsopœus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, " male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And every woman found in thee a heart, &c.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικῶν πειθοῦνιμα.

Τὸν δὲ γυναικῶν μελίων πλέξαντα σοφὸν ᾠδὰς,
Ἤδυν Ἀνακρεοντα *, Τέων τὸν Ἑλλὰδ' ἀνσχεν,
Συμποσίων ἱερὸν μέλημα, γυναικῶν πειθοῦνιμα.

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving!

* Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard:
Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.

Oh!

Oh! in nightly banquets sporting,
Where 's the guest could ever fly him?
Oh! with love's seduction courting,
Where 's the nymph could e'er deny him?

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THE END.

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